

A Traitor On The Line

D Bm D G D Bm

I was a stranger in these parts when I first came alone

D Bm D G D Bm

To stay awhile and then depart and not cast any stones

D Bm D G D Bm

Then the old man came with fiery canes and I found myself in line

D Bm D G D A D

I offered no resistance and shared with them their wine

From the mountains to the hills I wandered as a child

Seeking refuge in the peace that sang both calm and wild

I swore I'd never join the ranks of the aging warring tribe

But a charmer cast a spell on me, I fell and took the bribe

I studied the masters at their trade, sacrificed all shame

I took up arms at their defense. brought fire to the flame

I learned to lie and cheat the ones whose innocence betrayed

A mockery of the men whose fortune I had made

Then one night in a blinding light in sleep I ceased to dream

Awakened by a feverish chill in terror I did scream

There stood the friends long left behind to my fate they'd been resigned

Then I saw the stranger I'd become, a traitor on the line

INSTRUMENTAL AT END:

G/D/Bm/D/A/D

--Peter Stone Brown

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